See You Again

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Summary

Satsuki won't feel whole until the day that she dies. She reflects on Ragyo's abuse.

Notes

This might be potentially triggering for abuse survivors. Read with caution please!

Satsuki hated her mother since she was a child-- since before she understood what it meant to hate. She'd spent years of her life plotting her death-- how she would do it, when, where. She'd planned everything.

But the one thing she hadn't considered was *missing her after the fact.*

These things she kept to herself. There was no reason to tell Ryuko. Her feelings would only deeply disturb her. This was something she had to deal with herself.

Many nights she lay awake, craving her mother's touch. Some of those nights, heavy tears would find their way to the surface. Her body seemed to miss Ragyo more than her mind did. Satsuki knew it was irrational.

The woman had done nothing kind to her. A vile, evil monster who had never loved her, not even a little bit. She was not allowed to feel this kind of grief-- not allowed to lament her death, to wish desperately that she were back. So deep was this loss that guilty justifications forced their way into her head.

She only did what was necessary. She was doing it for my own good.

When these thoughts came, it felt so good to dwell on them and to seek truth in them. Reliving her pain took a strength she found she lacked.

Why does it take only a death for someone to cling to ignorance? Why does it take only a death for someone's mistakes to be justified? Why is it harder to hate someone that's not even there anymore? That doesn't-- that **can't** *care? Is our capacity to hate contained only within the boundaries of life and death?*

Oh, the things she would give to have her back.

A wild, dangerous thought that kept slipping as the days dragged on. Weeks. Months. Forced so far down, but insistent all the same.

Everyone around her moved on so quickly. They didn't know her mother in the ways she did-- and Satsuki was devastated by how *protective* she was over that statement. She was devastated by how furious she would get when anyone spoke ill of Ragyo. She would not say anything, of course, but the feelings would linger for days on end.

She was certain Ryuko could tell. For such a dense girl, she was awfully perceptive. Could she tell that still, after all this time, Satsuki was just a shell of a person? Her insides were missing. Ragyo had defined her, created her, used her, and ***left her.*** Did Ryuko realize she was the one…

She was the one who had taken her away?

"I'm sorry," Satsuki would say.

Ryuko would stare at her, confused. "For what?"

I'm apologizing to rid myself of the shame. I'm apologizing because I can't stop resenting you. I'm apologizing because I've lost sight of the dreams I had of being there for you, as your sister and your loving family.

"I don't know."

Ryuko would just hug her and assure her everything was okay. Even then, the pain would linger.

She'd carried that pain since she was five years old. She'd been so certain it would leave when Ragyo was dead.

Now, she realized, it would leave only when she saw her again.

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